

**"HOW DEEP
IS THE
WATER,
BROTHER
JOHN?"**

GIOVANNI METRO STOP GALLERY

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- **Miss Kimmie**
WWWG’s legal Counsel



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No matter what you think about the effectiveness of 12-step programs for long-term recovery, I found myself at the Kitkat Gentleman's Club and laundromat waiting to meet a professor from a prestigious university who had reached out to me for a business meeting.

I bring this up because I anticipated that if I began this tale by stating that I was simply sitting here at the Kitkat, in the midst of the day, you would promptly start scolding me about what you believed to be a resurgence of one of my

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enduring addictions, such as my extensively documented habit of freebasing Red Curry Pancake Mix or my admitted affection for Cuban Rum, which I acknowledge can occasionally turn into an obsession.

I must admit, I was unsure of what to anticipate since my preconceived notions of a "professor" varied greatly. From the respected figure of Doctor Peabody (as seen on the classic TV series The Bullwinkle and Rocky Show in the 1960s) and his youthful companion known as "Boy Elroy," my

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expectations were all over the place. Let's not veer off into the realm of personal opinions, but rather focus on the adventurous escapades that Doctor Peabody engaged in, much like Batman, without labeling him as a degenerate or a dangerous individual grooming young men. It's safe to say that might have pictured him as a handsome, square-jawed, intelligent scientist who, even if stuck on a remote, undiscovered island, could create a powerful, blue laser weapon using just a gun barrel, a coconut shell, and some

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aluminum foil, just like Mr. MacGyver. Still, I couldn't help but worry that he would bear an uncanny resemblance to the majority of my former professors from Arizona's ancient Bedrock U and the Fred Flintstone College of Education. They had a knack for appearing inebriated, sporting mock turtlenecks, and being surrounded by a flock of underage interns on either side. As I hinted earlier, there was much conjecture surrounding the purpose of this meeting since the telex was quite vague, with only the intriguing

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question "DO YOU WANT TO MAKE SOME FAST CASH?" standing out.

I've been cautioning you time and time again about the perils of wasting too much time idly, and how it can directly lead to overthinking, which can have disastrous consequences in that it might lead you to take some action or, at the very least, you'll end up with a pounding headache.

My late Big Brother John always emphasized the importance of keeping our minds occupied, as he believed that a "Idle mind is a terrible thing!"

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Actually, I must confess that what you perceive as my weakness for Cuban Rum or even Red Curry Pancake Mix is, in reality, my strategic approach to free my mind from excessive thinking. You see, traditional methods of disengagement, like meditation, simply don't work for me due to my Attention Deficit Disorder (ADD). So, indulging in these activities serves as my proactive plan to prevent overusing my mind and finding alternative ways to relax. Despite the professor's punctuality for our

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scheduled meeting, I couldn't help but feel a tinge of disappointment upon our first encounter.

His unruly hair gave him an uncanny resemblance to a peculiar blend of Old Doc Brown and the eccentric scientist "Brain" from the Pinky and the Brain TV Show.

I won't bore you with the never-ending details of our lengthy conversation at the back booth of the KitKat.

This particular booth had a great view of the main entrance and a convenient path to the rear exit

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through the newly added "non-sexual designated" bathroom facilities.

Now, before you get too excited, let me assure you that there's still only one bathroom. However, the bartender made some improvements by putting up a new sign that includes all 72 established genders and adding a working lock along with a flashing light that indicates when it's occupied.

He initiated the conversation by referencing a fresh scientific white paper from the famous

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Albert D'Gored Carbon Credit Emporium.

The paper claimed that "Nine out of ten scientists applying for grants agreed that Mr. D'Gored had no way of predicting that his efforts to make the earth carbon neutral could potentially result in a new ice age, not to mention the mass starvation of billions of people due to plants dying from lack of carbon."

I must admit, it was a peculiar way to kick off a conversation. However, considering I was here at his expense and the promise of a potential

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payday, I simply nodded and motioned for him to carry on.

The professor appeared visibly relieved as I calmly embraced his viewpoint without any opposition, refraining from using any offensive language or acknowledging the online demands to "punish these selfish, deceitful tricksters by hanging them on the icebergs forming in New York City's Harbor...!"

It felt like a moment of validation, and while some may argue that as a self-proclaimed member of

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the Jesuits of Truth, I should celebrate my triumph, it wouldn't be polite to my host. We need to distinguish between truth and the societal pressure to maintain a certain lifestyle, even if it means repurchasing everything we let go of in pursuit of happiness during Ahriman's Great Social Reset.

The professor delved into extensive explanations about how his client(s) were misconstrued, defamed, and ultimately targeted by a continuous stream of class action lawsuits from the very

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same money-hungry, lawyer "scum" they had employed to silence those who dared to challenge his clients' fear-mongering marketing tactics in the years leading up to the Earth "Falling Flat."

We found common ground, and I deepened his moral outrage as he realized that the very people who had aided him in establishing the Great Social Reset could easily betray him, just like a group of ravenous sharks, without even skipping a meal.

The Professor mentioned that the Albert D'Gored

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*"To celebrate another banner
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Foundation was transitioning into a consulting group to support the cause of "Warning the Globe" and combat the new ice age they attribute to the government's Harp Program meddling with global weather patterns.

This involved injecting large doses of electromagnetic energy into the far upper reaches of the atmosphere, a concept derived from the blueprints obtained after the unfortunate demise of Nicholas Tulsa in a New York City hotel room during the mid-1940s.

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I nodded in recognition of this tale and expressed my uncertainty about it being more than just a popular conspiracy theory. "The government insists that HARP was merely an experiment involving the development of an intergalactic shortwave receiver..."

It was clear that the Professor was surprised by my decision to trust those good old boys at DARPA instead of siding with his research claiming a "nine out of ten" certainty. His collected grant seekers had a different theory,

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suggesting that the new ice age was not caused by a lack of carbon in the atmosphere, but rather by a secret government project gone wrong - an attempt to weaponize the weather.

Despite my accidental offense, the Professor stayed focused and delved into how I could make a substantial amount of money to fund my personal quest to buy back all the top-of-the-line electronics I desire, regardless of waiting lists, factory closures, and the absence of a local power source to bring me back to my pre-apocalyptic

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life.

It appears they were looking for me to create a timeless children's picture book that would harken back to the peak of the "Global Warming" discussion and illustrate in a traditional manner the question, "Were they correct all along?" The elderly gentleman frequently cautioned me about a scenario like today, where my financial lifeline would dock at the port and it would be crucial to act swiftly by "taking control of the boat and steering it towards a nearby port without any

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extradition agreement with our nation..."

Who would have thought?

Honestly, I had finally come to terms with the reality that my entire life savings were gone, invested in hopes of striking it rich with the revaluation of Iraqi Dinars post the second Gulf War.

After enduring years of financial hardship, I had to let go of the idea that my ship had sailed, sunk by the actions of our brother, Dickie of Chaney, who played a significant role in the downfall of

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the Iraqi Economy and shattered my dreams of a currency revaluation to further his believe that “Rich and even middle class people do not listen as well as broke, starving people do when you tell them what to do.”

To accomplish this, my dear pal Dickie, without bothering to inform a single soul about this foolish plan, devalued their currency by having the American-run Bank of Iraqi print ten times more dinars than their oil reserves could ever back. As a result, a once prosperous nation with a

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thriving middle class, guaranteed income, universal healthcare, and free education, was tragically reduced to destitute individuals scavenging for food in Green Zone dumpsters. Indeed, I have penned a book that delves into the dark underbelly of the Dinar Exchange and exposes it through the lens of investigative journalism. This captivating read sheds light on the world of day traders and uncovers the hidden truths that lie beneath the surface. Out of a true sense of not letting yet another cash

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boat stream out of my deserted economic harbor; I declined to mention that truthful fact that many of the names of the Emporium's Carbon Credit sales force were names that I well remember from a previous fleecing of the common rubes from back in the wild west of the Dinar Exchange forums and even, a few more that I remember from the banking crash of the economy in 2008. Well, I guess it's quite flattering that they chose me to play a key role in their corporate makeover and rebranding, just like those Bub Lighters.

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Looking back, I now realize that his reaction to my mention of feeling honored to work on the book was simply his subtle way of reminding me of my position in his world - as nothing more than "just hired help."

As he glanced up from his glass of Cuban Rum, he casually mentioned, "You weren't the first person we reached out to..."

Naturally, I penned the book because my rent had been overdue for weeks and I had to retrieve my reliable Panasonic Toughbook C-31 from the

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pawnshop.

After many arguments about the content, which they believed would only appeal to the Chinese market, and some delays caused by my time in the harbor's drunk tank, they ultimately decided to cancel the project.

My anticipated big payday was slashed to the Writer Union Guild's standard day rate. To make matters worse, their checks started bouncing higher than their fear-inducing marketing tactics from the past had ever done.

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I cleverly revamped this by adding in the sidebar, sharing the backstory of how this book was created, and then sold it directly to my corporate, economic slave masters at the WWWG Plantation. It's clear to me that the wise and adorable but elderly Fulton County DA is absolutely right when she says that "Cash is still King."

And you know what? I couldn't agree more! It's great that WWWG pays me in cash, and I'm sure the DA would appreciate that as well as do I.

- Emil, 2024

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启迪之路 5

TEMPLE OF THE EIGHT IMMORTALS

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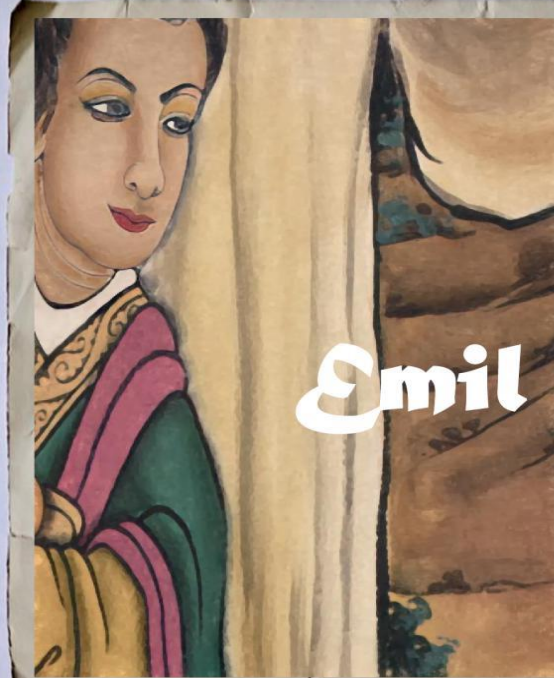
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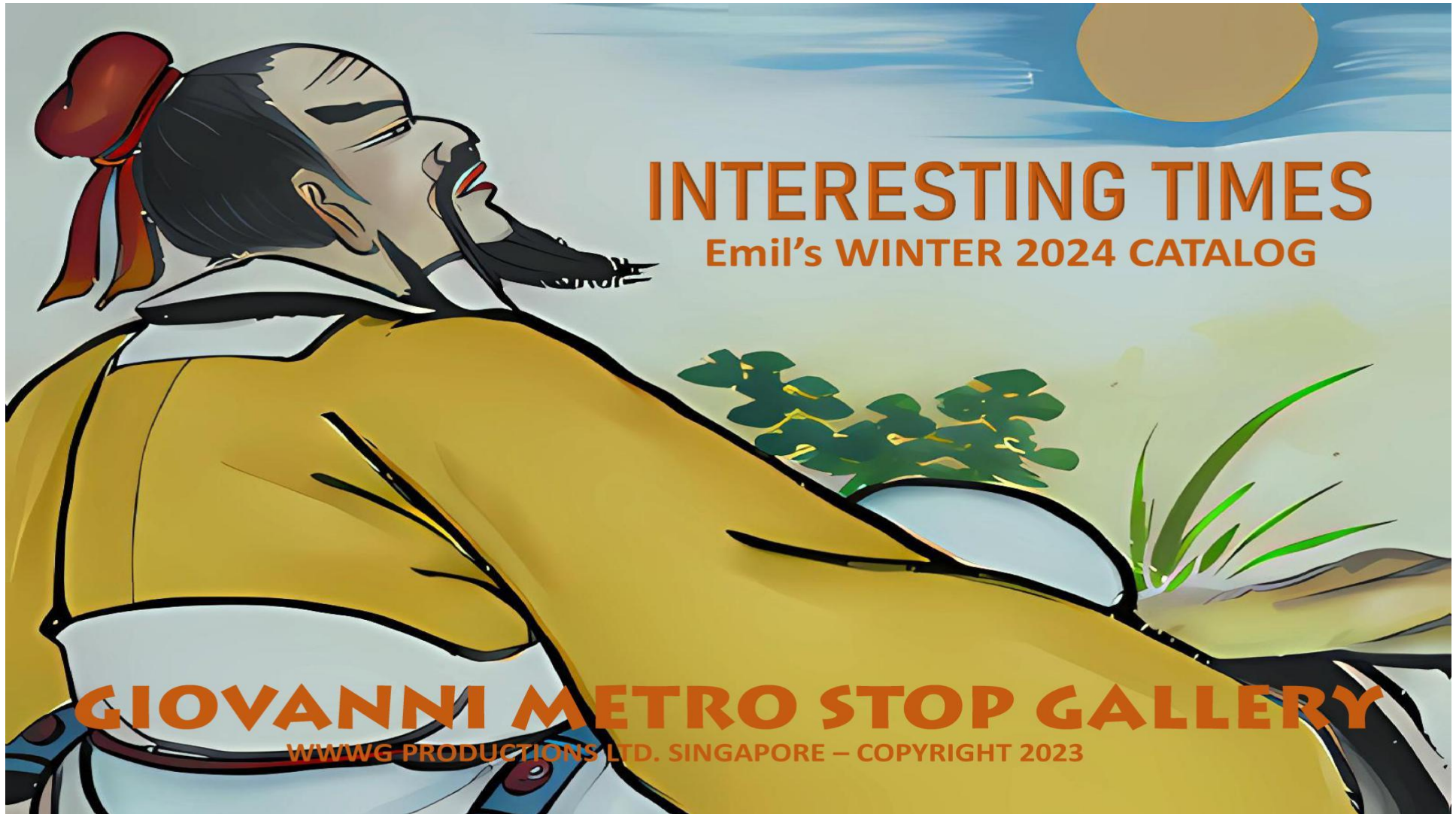
“The Black Swan Came Seeking Atonement”



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